SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

EDITORIAL OPINIONS OF THE LEADING JOURNALS UPON CURRENT TOPICS-COMPILED EVERY DAY FOR THE EVENING TELEGRAPH.

OUR ANNUAL SCOLDING.

From the N. Y. Tribune. The time of the anniversaries is upon us. and once more Mr. Wendell Phillips comes down with his bundle of epigrams to play at reform. In his last speech he announced as the fruit of his recent ponderings that among the evils of the day were newspapers, and accounted for their number by the fact that there are more men who can write than who can think. This is smart, for Mr. Phillips never says anything which is not smart. It is se much easier to talk than it is to think that perhaps it would be unfair to expect an easeloving rhetorician to give himself the trouble to think before he speaks. If Mr. Phillips ever pays to his audiences the compliment of a preliminary thought of his oration, it is devoted not to what he is going to say, but to how he is going to say it-which is as much easier as it is easier to dress a child than to rear one. But he is not to blame if his audiences like what he gives them. They are gently startled, but never shocked, by the sheet-iron thunder and rosin lightning of his eloquence, and they go away charmed with their evening's entertainment, and thinking no more about the marrow of the subject discussed than Mr. Phillips does. Then the newspapers report the best things he said, and the public reads and smiles, and an audience is ready for the next time. If the journals ceased to notice him he would soon be left as lonely as St. Simeon of the Pillar. And yet he speaks ill of the bridge that carries him over-he insinuates that it is a pons asinorum. We pardon and advertise him as

could ever get from that myth of recent invention, Delsarte. There is no speaker before the public who has so comfortable a sense of irresponsibility. He cares no more for what he said yesterday than The Daily Blatherskite. He is a man of purity and integrity; he could not be frightened or bribed by any possible threats or promises; but he cannot resist an epigram, and he yields more readily than weaker men to the temptation of a metaphor. He values facts only in proportion to their picturesqueness, and when they fail he makes better ones for himself. The Lincoln whose loss he yesterday deplored, when living he in turn denounced as a slave-hound or pitied as an imbecile, as suited the graceful balance of his phrase. Some time ago, in abusing the American mob, he contrasted it with Paris held in the iron grasp of an invincible despotism. But afterwards, when the street gamins had kicked the dynasty out of France, he substituted the Duke of Wellington for Napoleon and Birmingham for Paris, and the

of old. He really does very little harm; he

gives his hearers a good evening's amuse-ment and a better lesson in oratory than they

speech was just as good as ever. He appears in these later years to be pep pering his entrees rather more than of old. He is a pretty good peace man and humani-tarian in a general way, but just now he wants the New York mob to hang a millionaire or two, and General Grant to make a crimson comment on the Ku-klux bill in the South. His suggestions as to the proper way to carry out this salutary law are, as might be expected, very original and dramatic. He wishes the President to hang, not the obscure scoundrels who have committed outrages, but a few wealthy and respectable citizens who have not, arguing, very justly, that this would make a great sensation! Dr. Holmes informs us of certain creatures "who feed on Stilton till they turn to cheese." Is it possible that Mr. Phillips has stood so long in contemplation before the moral beauty of General Butler's life and conversation that he has been inspired with the rash ambition to appropriate his style?

AN EVENT EXTRAORDINARY. From the N. Y. Sun.

Something is about to happen which never happened before. That great and good man Horace Greeley is to start for Texas. He has lived a great many years, and has been to a great many places—hither and thither, to and fro, up and down—but he has never before started for Texas.

Undoubtedly there have been good reasons for Mr. Greeley's not going to Texas. Formerly the climate, however salubrious in itself, would not have been healthful for him. He would have found it altogether too hot even in the coldest weather. Anxious as he has always been to increase horticultural productions, there would have been something hang-ing on a tree down there which would not have comported with his ideas of what ought to be on trees.

The fact that Mr. Greeley can now go to Texas safely shows that he has not lived altogether in vain. The men who were at one time ready to kill him because they feared that he would do something to abolish slavery, welcome him with open arms now that he and his friends have succeeded in abolishing slavery. This is a new illustration of the deference which mankind pay to success.

Mr. Greeley goes to Texas to deliver the annual address before the State Agricultural Society. People who suppose that he has already told in his book all that he knows about farming are mistaken. That book was made up of articles in the Tribune, and Mr. Greeley never tells all that he knows in anything which he writes for the Tribune. He is one of the funniest men in conversation in the world. He has often been exhorted to put his jokes into the Tribune, but he refrains. He thinks one funny paper in New York is enough, and he delights in reading the Sun. He has gained seventeen pounds and eight ounces in flesh since he became one of our constant readers.

It has been suggested that Mr. Greeley will be nominated for President while in Texas; but any open demonstration of that kind now would be premature, and would increase the hostility already existing between him and General Grant.

Another distinguished editor recently made a trip down toward Texas as far as the blue grass region, and bought a famous colt. Whether Mr. Greeley has in contemplation to purchase any stock in Texas we are not informed. We believe that State is not remarkable for any superiority in its horses. It is said, however, to pr dace the greatest jackasses in the world. Tue rumored dissatisfaction with Mr. Whitelaw Reid in the Tribune establishment has given rise to the report that Mr. Greeley has a secondary object in attending the State Fair of Texas, and that it is to select one of these eccentric animal productions to take Mr. Reid's place as managing editor. Whatever his purposes may be, we bespeak for him wherever he goes that grand and cordial reception which should always await a great and good man. That protection for domestic industry which it may be supposed he will advocate in his address, we desire to see everywhere extended

THE BATTLE IN THE WEST.

From the N. Y. World. Once more the placid waters of Erie (we mean the limited lake and not the unlimited stock) are vexed with rumors of approaching strife. There are those, perchance, among us from whose memories hath not yet wholly faded that famous tale of an elder day which embalms the valor of American sailors in a contest which humbled the red-cross flag within sight of the Canadian shores. But the battle whereof Erie now tremblingly awaits the awful shock is a battle by land and not by water. Neither the sunburst of Erin nor the stars and stripes waved for war over the vessels which Wednesday night steamed forth upon the bosom of the great inland sea. To use, with a slight modification, the prophetic words spoken by King Arthur to Sir Bedi-

"Far other is this battle in the West Whereto we move than when we strove in youth, And thrust John Bull from the Canadian wall And shook him thro' the North.

Many an "eerie sight" has Erie seen, from the days in which the heroic Perry bore forth the flag of the young republic to contend with the veterans of Nelson to these in which James Fisk, Jr., has contrived to make his

"Name and glory cling To her high places like a golden cloud

But the spectacle which her waters upbore to the pensive moon precluded, in all human probability, a conflict in which the elements of battle and of bet, of valor as fierce as that of the vikings of Perry, and of financiering as audacious as that of the Rothschild of opera bouffe, will be combined to give the sporting world assurance of a man.

If any ghosts of the Six Nations haunt those shores, once the happy hunting-grounds of their dusky race, they were in ease to see full many

"A dusky barge, Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern, Beneath them; and descending they wereware

That all the decks were dense with stately forms.' It is a curious and possibly a not wholly uninstructive fact that we inherit our ancient British love for what our fathers styled the "manly art of self-defense" from the highly classical age of Queen Anne. Neither the naked Picts, from whom, as Mr. Ireland tells us, Prince Vortigern's grandfather contrived to win a painted waistcoat, nor the bearded, beer-drinking, skull-smiting sons of Scandinavia, nor the solid, sturdy Saxons, knew any more or practised any more of pugilism than the aborigines of America. Broughton and Figg, its earliest authentic masters, seem to have been developed under the influence of classical studies for the delight of an aristocracy trained to believe in Virgil and in Homer more devoutly than in St. John and St. Matthew. The boxers of that Augustan period did not indeed absolutely despise the eco-nomical aspects of their profession. They had their backers, they laid their money, and they pocketed their proceeds. But the light of chivalry had not yet wholly faded from the world. As Keats puts it,

"Fair plumes were dancing in the eye" even of cock-fighting peers and of wrestling bumpkins; and there fell upon the sawdust and the ring, as it were, a

"Harmless glamour of the field" which half redeemed the dull plebeian poundings of the atalete into a vague reminiscence of the old romantic close of night with knight for God and for the ladies!

All this has vanished now. Doubtless the original prize-fighting of old England was a compact of mingled good and ill. So, too, for the matter of that, was the tourney of the feudal times. "In the mist

Was many a noble deed, many a base And chance, and craft, and strength, in single fights."

But in our degenerate days battles such as that of Erie have become the merest matters of business. Far without the charmed inner circle of the combatants and their friends there extends indeed a huge penumbra of the average population among whom the merits of the champions are considered and the result of their conflict is weighed in a spirit not wholly alien from the ancient battle ardor. We suspect that if the trath were told there are to be found even among the gentler sex and in the serene air of fashion's own heaven not a few tender-hearted creatures who would faint at the sight of a friendly set-to with the gloves, yet who will snatch a kind of fearful joy from the story of a desperate trial in the ring, under the hallu-cination that it really sets forth a manly encounter of man with man for the proving of

his manhood. But it is not of these that the boxers are thinking when they go forth to box, nor for the love and praise of these that they contend. The often quoted remark of Buffon that "the horse is a noble animal," takes a new life from every well-contested race; for while it is perfectly clear that the racers can take no possible interest in the conflict, save in the exercise to which it calls them of their utmost powers, it is not less clear that they do take such an interest in it. But the human combatants in such a battle in the West as was to have been waged yesterday, are nerved to energy and made tough to endure by the same ignoble motives as those which kindle the "heathen Chines" to master the unfamiliar mysteries of poker, or make the average Republican politician swift and skilful to flatter out the foibles of President Grant.

OUR MAY MEETINGS. From the N. Y. Times. It would be difficult to imagine a more inopportune commentary upon the neatly constructed theories of the May meetings than the results of Taesday's riots at Scranton. Here in New York we have the Reform League inviting capital and labor "to meet at once on equal terms, and, lacknowledging each other's rights, to arrange their relations on the basis of justice and a fair division of the common profits." Just about the same time as this panacea for the great social difficulty of the time was being made public, we had the spectacle in Pennsylvania of workmen not only refusing to recognize any reasonable compromise with capital, but resisting by violence the assertion of the natural rights of brother laborers. Then, again, comes the Universal Peace Union. with its barren truisms that "life is an inalienable right," and that "deadly force is antagonistic to peace," while at home and abroad men are striving after some indefinite possibilities, to which life is held entirely subordinate, and in whose attainment "deadly force" is counted a perfectly legitimate aux-Still again, the Woman Suffrage Association presents us with the very confi dent declaration that "in every relation of life in which men and women co operate, the result is beneficial to both," at the very moment when the news comes to hand that the wives of the Seranton miners have been foremost in the work of brutal assault and murder. It is, doubtless, a misfortune, as Mr. Wendell Phillips puts it, that "there are so many men who can write and so few who can think," but considering the existing necessities of society, it is, perhaps, a still greater

misfortune that there are so many men who can speak and so few who can act.

Can any man reasonably expect capital and labor to meet on equal terms, and calmly discuss their mutual rights, before either of them has come to realize the most elementary obligations to each other? Admit that capital deserves all the opprobrious epithets with which Mr. Phillips so liberally bespatters it, has the orator no condemnation for labor that shows itself within its own ranks equally arrogant, cruel, and intolerant? The relation between the two great factors of social progress is not founded upon a denial of eternai principles of justice, like that which existed between slaveholder and slave. It is one which calls for adjustment, not for abolition, and the man or the party that seeks to intensity existing causes of division is contributing to social chaos instead of social reconstruction. There can be no particular harm in the ladies and gentlemen of the Reform League, the Suffrage Convention, or the Peace Association meeting once a year, and edifying each other with resolutions of high import and speeches of incisive smartness But there is a great deal of harm involved in riding their favorite hobby with a complacent disregard of existing facts, and in leading a good many well meaning people to believe that the world can be reformed by resolu-Here, at our very doors, is a body of men

whom the promptings of demagogues can inflame to acts of violence and murder. That is surely a fact as lamentable as the tyranny of corporations and the idleness of Congress. men. It will be a long time before our social reformers can convince the railroad companies and the mining operators that the blood of the three laborers murdered at Scranton rests upon their heads. Suppose they should adopt the more practical method of bringing the men to see that the reconciliation of capital and labor is impossible, while acts like these can be done in the name of working men. It is of no use to stand on the hill-tops and shout about the social millennium that will one day come, unless men show the sincerity of their belief by descendinto the toil and struggle of life, and helping to bring it. We hear many noble-minded women complain of want of fitting work in a worthy sphere. Has the Suffrage Convention no womanly hearts and persuasive tongues to aid in the elevation of their sisters of Pennsylvania, who unsexed themselves on Tuesday last, and became more pitiless and cruel than the men who cheered them on? Those in want of a plausible argument against the timeliness of womanhood suffrage may plead that the mass of ignorant women are capable of worse deeds, and more susceptible to evil influences, than the mass of ignorant men. They may point to the doings of the viragoes of Scranton as proof of such a statement, just as the disbeliever in the possibility of a reasonable compromise between capital and labor may appeal to the moral afforded by the same events. The Leaguers and the apostles of the suffrage need not abandon their general theories before any such exceptions, but they should set to work and prove that the exceptions are not vital by showing that they can be removed. The ladies and gentlemen of the May anniversaries must guard against the delusion that all the world has attained the same level of intelligence and moral culstrictly applicable to the members of an appreciative audience may be found totally unsuited to the mass of people out-of-doors. Now that the reformers understand perfectly well what they severally want, suppose they should, one and all, set about showing a capability for raising the substratum of society to a level where rights and duties would be harmonized. A little honest missionary work would do society much good, and the members of all the conventions no harm. THE RIGHT OF THE CLERGY TO GO

TO THE THEATRE. From Theodore Tilton's Golden Age.

Kate Field, a child of the theatre, though she never treads the stage save as a lecturer, felicitates her readers in the Tribune on the Rev. Robert Collyer's brave sermon in defense of the drama, and on his taking his family to a theatrical performance. The clergyman's practice is good; his reasons for it are sound; the prejudice against the drama and its representation is narrow and unjust; and the brilliant lady's joyful mood of mind is pardonably jubilant and femininely warrantable. Few ministers go to the theatre, and few actors go to church; but if each class were to make themselves more familiar with the best labors of the other there would be less misunderstanding between two of the most influential of professions.

The clerical rage against the theatre was originated by Jeremy Collier's keen and biting book on "The Immorality of the Stage," written in England during the universal laxity of morals which immediately followed the restoration of the Stuarts. This snappish little work had a great popularity, which in some respects it deserved, for it was written in sturdy, enjoyable, and Bunyanlike English. Its first sentence opened the vein which it followed to the end. "Being convinced," says the author, "that nothing has gone further in debauching the age than the stage-poets and the play-house, I thought I could not employ my time better than in writing against them." Accordingly he smote them hip and thigh. His argument exhibits a hot Gospel bitterness of feeling, a Paritanical narrowness of judgment, and a curious insensibility to the function of dramatic poetry; but, at the same time, he coined and put into currency many wholesome criticisms of popular plays, pointing out objectionable passages, and furnishing a catalogue of hundreds of stains and blemishes such as, for the most part, have since passed into the Index Expurgatorius. One of the arguments, not of Jeremy Collier's essay, but of his time, against the theatre, was stated in a sermon preached at Paul's Cross, as follows:-"The cause of plagues is sin, if you look to it well; and the cause of sin are plays; therefore the cause of plagues are plays: a passage in which the logic is as unique as the grammar. It takes only the span of one human life to measure back from our day to 1792, when (according to Wilkinson's Wandering Patentee), an English clergymau, in a sermon at Kingston-upon-Hull, said: -"No player, or any of his children, ought to be entitled to a Christian burial, or even to lie in a churchyard. Not one of them can be saved. And those who enter the play-house are equally certain with the players of eternal damnation." On reading this passage, we see a clerical temper which survives and flourishes in the equal bigotry of the Rev. Mr. Sabine, who refused to bury the veteran actor, George Hollend, but sent him to "the little church around the corner." Now the onslaught of the preachers upon the players has continued too long. It is high time to call off the combatants. We hereby hoist a

The fact that the Rev. Robert Collyer and his family go to the theatre-and to a theatre in Chicago, too!-starts the question why | the tongue, take away the forum from the |

should not other clergymen and their families do the like in other cities? For instance, why should not the Bev. Dr. Blagden of the old South, in Boston, occasionally ease the overstrain of orthodoxy on his learned mind by occasionally visiting "Selwyn's" or "The Globe?" Why should not the Rev. Dr. Thompson, of New York, who so happily vindicated President Lincoln's attendance at the theatre, follow the example which he approved in others by going himself occasionally either to smile under Wallack or to weep under Booth? Why should not the Rev. Dr. Newman, the Methodist chaplain to President perplexed master once or twice in the season to "The National" to "The National," during some eugage-ment say of Davenport in "Hamlet," or of Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle?" We ask these questions because these clergymen are human creatures like their much-toiling brother of the same craft in Chicago, and they have as much need of relaxation as he. Indeed, not to mention any names, we have ourselves had the honor of accompanying to the theatre two or three of the most notable clergymen and theological professors in the United States, and we can bear witness to their uncommonly intelligent, and yet at the same time "childlike and bland," enjoyment of the performance. But why should so refreshing a fountain be quaffed by so few-so very few-elerical lips? Why should not all players go to church, or at least why should not all preachers go to the theatre?

Let us quote a couple of paragraphs from Miss Field:—"Wise old Dr. Johnson said: I am a great friend of these public amusements. I believe they keep people from vice rather than lead them on to it. Dr. Paley, whose Natural Theology and books of Christian evidence are still printed and circulated by religious tract and book societies, was so fond of going to the play that he would walk ten or twelve miles into London, and go without his dinner for the sake of attending the theatre. In 1784, when the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church were sitting in Edinburgh, Mrs. Siddons went there to act, and that grave and reverend body adjourned au hour earlier than usual in order to witness the performance of this transcendent genius. This body did wisely, for the Quarterly Review will observe that in these towns where no public amusements have been permitted, public morals have always sunk to a lower ebb than in any other." The above instances tell well for Miss Field's argument and for Mr. Collyer's example. If any one is inclined to doubt the authenticity of the story concerning the Scotch clergy and Mrs. Siddons, let us corroborate it by transscribing a sentence on which our eye lately fell in casually turning over the pages of Dr. Doran, namely:- "Fancy the General Assembly of the Kirk being obliged to arrange their meetings with reference to Mrs. Siddons acting-as the younger members followed the artist as Bossuet used to follow contemporary actors, to study elecution.'

Now we want a refermation of religious sentiment on the subject of dramatic amusements. Martin Luther, who was a reformer by his very nature, would, if he were now alive, attempt to reform his clerical brethren as the Rev. Robert Collyer is doing, and would similarly send them, with their families, to the theatre. Luther wrote in favor of plays-particularly of comedies, for he had a need of much laughter. He said also that the ture as themselves. Theories that may be theatre was useful to warn young men against profligate women, and to inculcate marriage-a luxury which the Catholic Church denied to its nuns and priests. We want a little Luther-like rough handling of the Church for its superciliousness and bigotry concerning the theatre. The Rev. Dr. Bellows attempted to do some such work years ago. But after he struck one blow, we never heard of his striking another. Now, however, we have a minister in Chicago who was born to the anvil, and we expect to hear again and often the echo of his conquering

Let us say that the fair criticisms which just men may make against the immoral tendency of the theatre, as the theatre is sometimes administered, receive our heartiest sympathy. Indeed, farther than this, The Golden Age proposes to be unsparing in its denunciations of the vile tendencies and the indecent exhibitions to which, in some theatres, the drama has been degraded. We contemplate with abhorrence and disgust the degeneracy of the drama. But the drama itself, undegenerated, uncorrupt, and undegraded, is one of the noblest monuments of modern civilization-one of the noblest embodiments of human genius-and one of the most powerful instrumentalities for the culture of society. The abuse of the theatre we deplore and condemp; the theatre itself we count as the raby -beautiful, precious, and royal.

We vindicate the stage. Dramatic repre-sentation is as old as the world. It existed at the beginning, and will continue to the end, of civilization. It is one of the fundamental, natural, and (to this extent) divinely ordained methods of expressing the thoughts and feelings of the mind and heart. It is one of the great, noble, and subtle arts by which human beings convey and receive psychological meanings and sympathetic impressions. Speech, as fashioned into poetry or oratory, is another of these vehicles. Music, whether of instrument or song, and whether with or without words, is another, Art, whether painting or sculpture or architecture, or all combined, is another. Now art may either be fleshly and Pompeian, or it may be ecclesiastical and devout; it may strip the human figure nude in order to please a lascivious eye, or it may portray the human face divine (together with the human form not less divine), for the pure purpose of embodying the ideal beauty of perfected humanity, or to image forth the angelic creatures with whom the poets, sacred and profane, have peopled men's fancies in all ages of the world. Accordingly the pictures in any famous gallery of Europe run through the whole gamut of human passion, from vice to virtue. Now if at any particular time the tendency of a majority of artists bappens to be grovelling and earthy. and their pictures rank below the average morality of society-shall we on this account abolish art, interdict chisel and brush, and blind the eyes to color and form? Songs may be pious and pure, or they may be amorous and foul. The same lips, the same instraments, the same rhythm and measure may, with slight modifications, be made to interchange from grave to gay-from religious to bacchanal. But because there may be a fashion of frivolity or indecorum or obscenity in the songs of the people, or of such per-sons as frequent baunts of gross minstrelsy —shall we on this account hush the voice of music in the world, forbidding the lark to warble, the human voice to carol, and the churchly organ to sound? Speech can be put to good uses or bad; its utterance may be for the right or the wrong; its argument may be for liberty or slavery. But because three quarters of all the speeches at Albany or Washington may pessibly be of bad political or moral tone (which is often the case), shall we on that account make a law against

Mark Street of Street Street Street

market-place, abolish the halls of legislative debate, carry off the desk of the lyceum, and remove the pulpit from the church? In the same way, the theatre has almost illimitable capability for good or evil. It may teach the most pathetic lessons of self-sacrifice, honor, fidelity, truthfulness, heroism-every shining trait of noble mind; or it may abuse its opportunity by basely pandering to a low and depraved taste, exciting the basilar passions, inflaming the blood, and engendering crime. Of the theatre nothing too strong can be said, either in praise or blame, according as it does well or ill. But because the theatres of any one time or nation, or of any one city or precinct, surrender the high function of art, and minister instead to the salacious desires of the populace, exhibiting as the drama such spoctacles as would make the great dramatists curse the vicious usurpers of their honorable art-is this a reason why the theatre should be annibilated from human society, and tragedy never more be written, or comedy never more be played?

Immoral plays furnish no better argument against the drama than immoral speeches do against oratory, or immoral songs do against music, or immoral pictures do against art. And that is the whole question.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

OFFICE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, May 1, 1871.

Notice is hereby given to the Stockholders of this Company that they will have the privilege of subscribing for New Stock at par in the proportion of one share for every six as registered in their name, April 30, 1871.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

Holders of less than six Shares will be entitled to subscribe for a full share, and those holding more than a multiple of aix Shares will be entitled to an additional Share.

Subscription will be received and the first instalment of Fifty per centum will be payable between the 22d day of Mey and 22d day of June, 1871. Second instalment of Fifty per centum will be payable between the 22d day of November and 22d day of December, 1871. If Stockholders prefer, the whole amount can be paid at the time of subscrip-

No subscription will be received after June 22 THOMAS T. FIRTH,

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY TREASURER'S DEPARTMENT.

PHILADELPHIA, May 2, 1871. The Board of Directors have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of FIVE PER CENT. on the capital stock of the Company, clear of National and State taxes, payable in cash, on and after May

Blank powers of attorney for collecting dividends can be had at the office of the company.

The office will be open at 8 A. M., and close at 3 P. M., from May 30 to June 2, for the payment or dividends, and after that date from 9 A. M. to 3 THOMAS T. FIRTH, Treasurer.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD AND TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

TRENTON, April 10, 1871.

NOTICE.—The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD AND TRANSPORTATION COMPANY will be held at TRENTON, May 10, at 12 O'clock, M., at the Company's office, for the election of seven Directors to

serve for the ensuing year.

SAMUEL J. BAYARD,

419 Secretary C. and A. R. R. and T. Co. BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE. THIS SPLEN did Hair Dve is the best in the world, the only true and perfect Dye. Harmless—Reliable—Instantaneous—no disappointment—no ridicalous tints—"Does sectioniais Lead nor any Vitalic Poison to injurence Hair or System." Invigorates the Hair and leaves it soft and beautiful; Black or Brown.

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DR. F. R. THOMAS, No. 911 WALNUT ST. formerly operator at the Cotton Dental Rooms, devotes his entire practice to extracting teeth with-out pain, with fresh nitrous oxide gas. 11 17 JOUVIN'S KID GLOVE CLEANER restores solled gloves equal to new. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers. Price 25 cents; s r ottle.

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No. 22 NORTH SIXTH STREET, Begs to call the attention of the trade and customers

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"I take pleasure to announce that I have given to Mr. G. W. RUSSELL, of Philadelphia, the exclusive sale of all goods of my manufacture. He will be able to sell them at the very lowest prices.

"GUSTAV BECKER, "First Manufacturer of Regulators, "Freiburg, Germany.

LEGAL NOTICES. IN THE ORPHANS COURT FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA.
Estate of SARAH ANN THOMAS, deceased. Estate of SARAH ANN THOMAS, deceased. The Auditor appointed by the Court to audit, settle, and adjust the account of WILLIAM C. FLANIGEN, Administrator d. b. n. of SARAH ANN THOMAS, deceased, being of all the assets of said estate which come into his hands, consisting of proceeds of saie of certain real estate sold under proceedings in partition by order of said Court, and to report distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant, will meet the parties interested for the purpose of his appointment on TUESDAY, the 16th day of May, 18TL, at 3 o'clook P.M., at the Office of JOHN P. O'NELLL, No. 126 S. SIXTH Street, in he city of Philadelphia.

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